

public loos which were (to my surprise) spotless. Obtained  
 locker in Supermercados. Yon, Yon. Brown bread + cheese. Final stop  
 to Santander passing most excellent bays. Straight through  
 the various arr-pit towns. Arrived @ Santander 3/4 hr after  
 Ariondas bus had gone. For your future information the  
 lady who runs the INFORMACION @ the bus station is  
 USELESS, ask @ the various different company counters when they  
 are open. 'Ariondas' is run by Turytrans. I got a bus @  
 1.30 in the morning after getting nicely drunk on  
 wonderful cervezas in Santander with 2 English blokes -  
 lots good conversation. Was also right about where  
 the industrial keret shop is which sells road signs +  
 tapes etc in Santander. Anyway got to Ariondas propertime  
 of 3/4 hours kip on park bench only to find they were having  
 an all-night hoolie that finally shut down @ 5.30. Got  
 10mins sleep + walked to Cagass. So sleep deprived that I  
 started hallucinating about cows wandering on the road  
 in front of me. Collapsed @ river bank in Cagass + spent  
 1 1/2 hrs in blissful unconsciousness. Walked nearly all  
 the way to Coradonga before getting left direct to  
 Lago Enol. Oh what joy to walk the last mile  
 in cool mist + to round the corner + see the van + the  
 tents + be greeted by smiling faces (Gavin, Paul + Claire).  
 Even got a good old cup of char. I tell you, for f115  
 the coach journey is cheap but serious hassle. Never  
 mind - I've got the other 1/2 of the f115 worth to come in 3  
 weeks - Oh joy. Oh bliss.

Joanie x

P.S. its wonderful to be here.

I have gone to Bordeaux to the IUCr XV  
International Union of Crystallography  
Conference no 25  
My registration no is 626

University address

University of Bordeaux I  
Faculté de Droit et Sciences Economiques  
Domaine Universitaire  
Avenue Léon Duguit  
PESSAC

My accomodation is at

Village N° 2

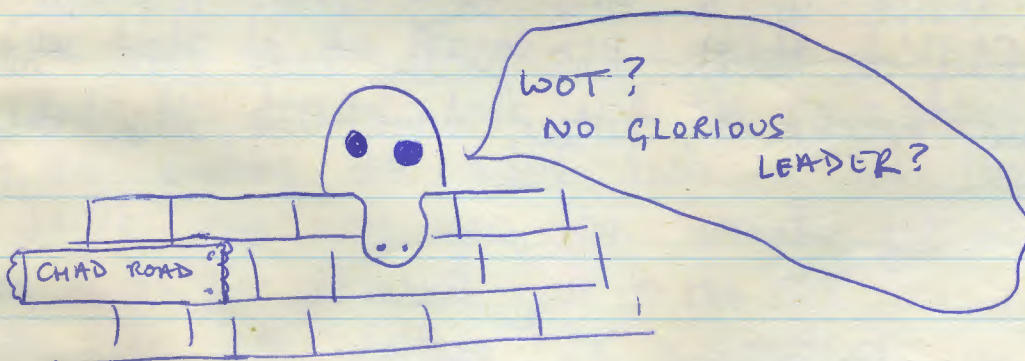
Domaine Universitaire

33405 TALENCE

Tel: (33) 56 04 01 30

Sherry

- Back ~~to~~ in about 1 week - 24 July  
- ish



(23)

## Clare and Dave catch a bus to Bilbao

I got up very early to drive Clare + Dave & to Arriondas to catch a bus to Bilbao. Got there with a few minutes to spare. Had a coffee + the bus arrived. Dave + Clare picked up their rucksacks, and started to cross the road. The bus driver saw that there was none actually waiting at the bus stop, so decided not to bother stopping, and speed off into the distance. A quick panic was resolved when Dave found out that there was another bus at 11.25 which would get them there in plenty of time (so we could have had an extra couple of hours in bed). Loads of time to waste, so we had some more coffee, and did some shopping (got a very funny look in the shop where we bought 7 tubs of Tulipan, and nothing else). 15 minutes before the bus was due, Clare decided she wanted to visit the bank. Returned a few minutes later to collect her ~~page~~ passport, and disappeared again. 5 minutes before the bus was due, she still hadn't returned, so I walked up + down the high street, looking in all the banks. Still no sign of her, and the bus was due any second. I had visions of her missing the bus, and my having to chase after it in the yellow van, hoping to intercept it somewhere. Fortunately the bus was late, and she turned up in time, so finally got them loaded safely on board. But will they catch their bus in Bilbao. Answer in thirteen days time, when they return.

# Menu del Dia

Sopa de Ajo / Sopa Crema de Espárragos

Ensalada de Pasta

Tortilla

Naranja sucré (crystallized oranges)

Chocolate a la Tarza

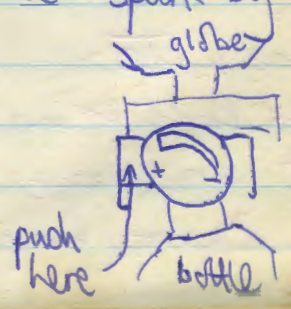
5 courses. Is this a record?

Crystallized oranges: this is a good way of using up ranky looking oranges that nobody will eat otherwise.

- 1) chop up the oranges into fairly small pieces
- 2) Melt ~1 desertspoonful / orange of syrup
- 3) Add the oranges
- 4) Simmer for ~10 mins until it all goes gooey
- 5) Allow to cool a bit
- 6) Eat

Warning: syrup gets very hot so my step 5 is important.

Gas lamp in Big Jayne: I think I've just fixed this IF it doesn't work (ie the piezo doesn't create a spark), try pushing the whole knob in and trying again. If this doesn't work, you can normally get a spark by pushing on the bit of metal just to the left of the knob, with something like a screwdriver.



(25)

19.07.90

Wkodem - you could also have written: "I arrived at 2 o'clock in the morning"

I was coming at the 2 o'clock in the night  
WKODEK

An urgent message from your treasurer, who does not wish to be seen to criticize the english statement above...

\*\*

IF YOU HAVE, FOR ANY REASON AT ALL, TAKEN MONEY FROM THE EXPEDITION MONEY BOX (THIS IS THE BROWN ONE WITH "EXPEDITION MONEY" WRITTEN ALL OVER IT) AT ANY TIME DURING THE EXPEDITION, PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME BELOW. \*\*

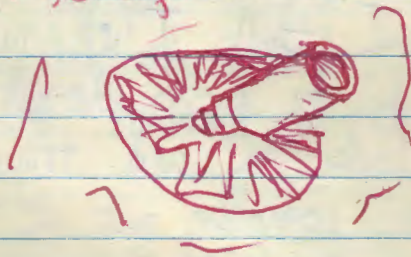
Gavin.

Dave B.

A BOX, NAMES, FOR THE WRITING OF, IN. My name is not there as I have not seen.

20.7.90

Graham arrives. I tell him about the bolt on Dave Lacey's shaft:



Please note  
This bolt is an old SIE bolt and was not put in by Dave Lacey :)

Hello Graham!

21/7 Dirk walks up to Ario with a hangover so the three up there can all go cavity but arriving too late (11am) so did not have to go after all (2 were cavity)

Sabado 21/7/10

26

Shopping Trip to Congas de Onis. Joan strides across the elysian fields of Lago Encina, van keys in hand. Purposefully she unlocks the van with the explicit purpose of gaining entry. She lets Paul Mann in via the passenger door. With a deft flick of the wrist the key is inserted into the ignition & smoothly the engine is kicked over. Check ignition, check oil, check fuel, all O.K. Check nerves. ALERT, ALERT; OVERDRIVE, TEMPERATURE RISING.

Turn on personal cooling system. Calmly leave van to discover why the window wash doesn't work, check under bonnet, plenty of water found, return to van cab, discover that incorrect lever is being used and driver has been 'flashing' the cows of the picos and the moorhens of the lake. Dust windscreen, start to drive away van, stop, send out trusty helper Mann to check tyres - look O.K.

Proceed nervously onwards VERY SLOWLY, and nearly all the way down the hill in 2nd sweating & cursing. Check nerves. RED ALERT, RED ALERT, OVERHEATED, SEARCH MEMORY

BANKS FOR HELPFUL INFO TO ASSIST DANGEROUS DESCENT, COME UP WITH THE STORY OF STEVE + THE GLAZED BRAKES ABOUT TO MEET THEIR RESPECTIVE MAKERS. Switch off nerves... all burnt out, brain on denial-drive, "This cannot be happening, I cannot possibly have come to the point where I have to drive the van down the hill" Aaaagh!!!

*as that I am*

It is only now, no longer a virgin of driving the van up the hill, that I see the pleasure of it. That is that I was concentrating so hard that I didn't look down into Covadonga and want to instantly throw up with vertigo.

Back @ camp we have taken down a tent as we can manage without it. We have brought lots of unnecessary crap PTO

(27)

In 1991 we should make a very solid effort to get the van sorted earlier + get people to put a day in their diaries for loading it. Also label everything that SHOULD NOT GO with a small red sticker to help the loaders/unloaders.

We haven't moved the big wot his name as the ground under it is desperate + baking it in this heat wouldn't be good.  
Joan.

Paul "I don't find Steve at all attractive" Mann.

22-7-90

Jonathan & Sue suddenly appeared. They ate supper (mainly garlic) and we went to the bar, for the third time I got served a ponche when I asked for "la Quenta".

moan: don't get me to ask for the bill unless you want another drink.

↳ Dave - it's obvious that even the bar staff, as well as O'UCC, are desperate to get you drunk for the hell of it sometime. One day... one day.

Meanwhile on with the Dramamine.

→ we are lines but don't make it so obvious  
Thanks B.S. &

Lunes 22<sup>nd</sup> Julio 1990.

Suburbs of Oxford visited by members of the  
Euliembro (sky?) diving team.

Dave Whoreslay - Where were you?

1 POT OF O.B.A. (BOBBLE PACKED)

1 BDH OF FLUORESCENT (POWDER, OPEN IN STIFF BREEZE)

1 BDH OF LIQUID RHODAMINE

PLEASE LET US KNOW EXACT TIME OF TEST.  
→ TO NEAREST 1/4 OF HOUR + DAY!

WATER SAMPLER IN OPERATION FROM NOON TUESDAY  
(24<sup>th</sup> JULY) SEE YOU IN PONCEBOS ON SATURDAY.

IF YOU DO NOT USE RHODAMINE BRING IT WITH YOU  
ALSO MEASURE FLOW RATE. PLEASE

11pm 25/7  
JUST below composite (before Drusilla)

A brief but jolly  
lunch time visit from  
the divers.

Advertiserent Break Time here @ Lagos.

"Do you have any itchy back? Do you get those nagging  
itching sunburn sensations when you haven't been in the  
sun?" [Q. picture of tired but happy cover, with 'clean  
& respectable stubble on chin, smiling {omit stubble if lady  
cover}. Cover nods]

"What you have is rappy rash / prickly heat"

[cover smiles happy now that he has the knowledge of  
how his predicament has come about] "You've been  
carrying your pack around in the hot sun with a  
mucky t-shirt for too long" [cover admits this with  
share for smile] "Never fear tho' folks, the remedy  
is simple. - Have a wash + change your shirt more  
often."

Seriously tho' → wash your t-shirt, rinse over your back  
with a bit of water with bicarb + USE THIS TO SPONGE



OFF THE BACK OF YOUR ROCKSACK as its probably full of uric acid by now. Apply prickly heat powder to back. ~~Relief~~ Relief should be fairly swift.

Mr Squeaky-Clean, yes ME, was the subject of the advertisement above. He has nappy rash, but do not worry, it is not transferrable, so you cannot blame any mysterious rashes you may have on him. You must have caught them from someone else

David

Today was also the day of the great goat rescue.

A small goat kid had spent the whole day stuck on a pinnacle of rock in the quarry. It had been bleating pitifully for most of the day, and annoying us. (Joan and me). Its mother had been bleating pitifully in return, although after a bit she got fed up and wandered off.

By evening, and under a steadily darkening sky, lit occasionally by flashes of lightning, it was obvious that the goat needed rescuing. A small party of Dutch people were wandering aimlessly around on a ledge above the goat. "No es possible" they said.

I replied in English, because ALL dutch people speak English. These ones didn't, so my intention was not made clear, although with a bit of mime the message got across. The word is "rappel"

Then Graham appeared from Aris. He agreed that the goat rescue was a good idea. Rope and harnesses were soon procured, and a rope was thrown down to the goat. The goat responded by eating some grass, then moving very close to the perilous chasm beneath it.

Graham moved carefully round and shepherded it away from the drop. He then leapt upon it, ready to protect himself from the flying hooves and sharp horns. The goat ignored him, and reached for a tasty morsel of

J.C + Sue should be back by  
Sunday 29/7/90 (30)

herbiage.

The same cannot be said for our human audience. A family had sat on the fans to watch, and from across the valley came the incoherent yodellings of a pastor. It was completely impossible to tell whether he was pleased at our assistance or not. Joan shouted "Soy Inglaze" and "No entyendo". He yelled some more then, realizing it wouldn't help, stood and watched.

Graham, meanwhile, still had the goat in an amorous embrace. It made <sup>no</sup> attempts to help or hinder him as he put a tape round its middle and tied it to the rope. We pulled from above, and the goat left the ground.

It rose smoothly up, until it came to a halt, wedged under an overhang. We pulled valiantly - muscles bulging, eyes popping, the goat did not move. It also made no effort to help us, engaged as it was, in the consumption of a tasty piece of greenery that it had seen.

By devious manoeuvres we got the goat free of the overhang and winched it ~~over~~ up to us, on our ledge. ~~It stood~~ A faint ripple of applause reached us from the campsite. We untied the goat, and it promptly climbed onto another precarious ledge.

We packed up our kit and left it <sup>\*</sup>to die. We have either vast improved pastor <sup>-oucc</sup> goat relations, or irreparably destroyed them.

Who ya gonna call?

Goat Busters - Joan, Graham and me:

Dance

Later - a thunderstorm - little rain, but spectacular son et lumière effects.

Later on Jenny arrived

\* the goat, stupid.